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PUCK ON PEGASUS.

PUCK ON PEGASUS:

52379

BY

H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEECH, PHIZ, PORTCH, AND TENNIEL.

WITH A FRONTISPIECE BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

ENGRAVED BY DALZIEL BROTHERS, JOSEPH SWAIN, JOHN SWAIN, & E. EVANS.

* * * * *

"Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?"——

Midsummer Night's Dream.

LONDON:
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, PICCADILLY.
1861.

821
Pen/Pus

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To the Reader.

If thou hast read all Bards of modern age,
And climb'd Parnassus with the race of yore;
Snatch'd from the Past the classic and the sage,
And conn'd each line of Mediæval lore,—
If thou hast waded through a sea of ink,
Whose breadth and depth no mortal ever plumb'd;
And turn'd to gaze, exultant from the brink,
On notes abstruse, and pages duly thumb'd,—
Hast ponder'd grimly by the midnight oil,
Till brain was sick and eye could scarcely see,—
Till sleep was labour—and repose a toil—
Lor bless me, what an Idiot you must be!

Lord Jollygreen's Courtship.

A ROMANCE OF THE KITCHEN.

A POET WRITES TO HIS FRIEND. *Place*—BEDLAM. *Time*—"SATURDAY NIGHT ABOUT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING."

" Dear my friend and fellow-student, I would lean my spirit o'er you ;
" Down the purple of this chamber, tears should scarcely run at will.
" I am humbled who was humble ! Friend,—I bow my head before you !
" You should lead me to my peasants :—but their faces are too still !" (! ! ! !)
* * * *" I fell flooded in a Dark."*
Mrs. Browning's " Lady Geraldine's Courtship."

O Ho, Ha Ha, He He,—Hum ! ! ! ! O, Charley, let me weep adown your Manly bosom ! o'er *that* waistcoat, tears should surely run *ad libi.*— I'm a victim !—sewn up, Charley !—done incontinently brown—your Poet is immensely diddled by a—but *narrabo tibi :*—

(There's a Lady, who writes verses, in the true spasmodic metre,—
She writes better, *certes*, better, than all women without end:
Writes full darkly:—I defy all, Bards alive or dead, to beat her
At a nubibustic stanza that no man can comprehend—

Her sublime afflatus had I, and her noble scorn of rhyming,
I could write you something *tallish*—should make Lindley Murray suffer,—
Would she "lean her spirit" o'er me, in this rhymphoLeptic climbing,
I would paint my COURTSHIP in a style would make you stare, Old Buffer!)—

You know, Charley, where I saw my Marianne (first) in Belgravia;
And (*secundo*) how I woo'd her, with more gifts than Turk or Hindoo:

(*Tertio*) how I won, and wed her, yestermorn; and her behaviour
You shall hear in five words—last night, SHE EXŌDUS'D BY THE WINDOW!!

O! my Charley, you remember, on that bright fifth of November,
As we saunter'd slowly Eastward, with the weed between our lips;
How we spied a damsel beauteous, lymphomatically duteous,
(*I.E.* cook at Number 7, scrubbing of the kitchen steps).

Charley, you and I remember, on that cold fifth of November,
How she knelt there like a statue,—knelt bare-armëd in the breeze,—
Whilst her saponaceous lavement catalambanized the pavement,
And her virginal white vesture flutter'd, reef'd-wise, to the knees.

Spell-bound in the road behind her, paused the Hurdy-Gurdy Grinder,
Strangling in his wild excitement, a diminutive baboon;
Whilst the Genius of the organ, fascinated by her Gorgon
Beauty, stood enraptured—captured—playing madly out of tune.

Ever more my soul beguiling, in arch silence she kept smiling—
And my heart within my bosom, preternaturally hopp'd;
Still as near I drew, and nearer, she grew fair and yet more fairer (!)—
On both knees upon the pavement (Miles's bags, my Boy) I dropp'd.

Then—but why should I confide you, what you know as well as I do?
How she look'd up like an angel, (I can see her figure still!)

LORD JOLLYGREEN'S COURT SHIP.

"I am yours, sir, if you'll take me—if you'll marry me and make me
"A fine Lady, like my Missus:"—how I cried, "By Jove, I WILL!"

How thenceforward ev'ry morning, wet and wind and weather scorning,
By the steps of Number 7, punctual as the clock I past,—
How my love grew daily stronger—strength'ning as the days grew longer—
Till my Marianne consented, and we named the day at last.

How, invited in to supper, with the nurse and housemaid upper,
I presum'd to make my advent somewhat ere the moment due,—
And on going to the cupboard, like a second Mother Hubbard,
Found the same, not "bare," but fill'd with six feet one of Horse Guards Blue.

"'Tis the uncle of my mother!"—"Silence, Madam—
you're another:
"Come out of your cupboard, Lobster! don't think I'm
to be done brown,—
"Slave! (I said) base Kitchen-creeper! (said I) I will
stop your peeper!
"I will tap your claret, Lobster,—I'll—"

—but here he knock'd me down.

How my love withstood this trial, (toughish there is no denial)
Soul-subdued by her low pleading, satin-tongued, soap-soft as silk,—
Not a saint his heart could harden, thus so sweetly ask'd for pardon :—
I suck'd in the obvious crammer kindly as my mother's milk.

How, soon after, whilst at breakfast, she forgot the door to make fast,
And we heard a step descending swiftly by the kitchen pair,—
"It's the Missus or her daughter!—you must get into the water-
"Butt that's standing dry and empty, underneath the laundry stair!"

(Not to make this tale a long one) How I got into the wrong one,
Which just then stood dry, but ev'ry morn was fill'd some eight feet deep,—

How they pump'd the water in it, ere I'd been ensconced a minute,
And I rush'd back to the kitchen looking like a drownded sweep!

How—still faithful to my Mary, spite of cupboard, spite of airey—
To Cremorne one night I took her, in a highly lib'ral manner;
Treated her to chops and 'taties, and a sherry-cobbler—*gratis!*
(Tho' you know I do not, Charley, love to sep'rate from a tanner)—

How, when ev'rything was paid for; fun and fireworks only stay'd for;
And my Marianne had eaten ev'rything that she was able;
Whilst the RESONANT STEAM DRAGON (that's the teapot), and the flagon
Of LYMPHATIC COW (that's milk), stood smiling on the arbor table,—

"She must just step out and find her parasol she'd left behind her;

"If I'd kindly pour the tea out, and the cream that look'd so yellow."

Yellow? Ha, ha! blue—green—sink it!—She never came back to drink it.

I fell flummox'd in a Brown. (*study*, understood, Old Fellow).

Soh—(I said) soh, certes—(said I)—(Charley don't think I'm gone mad, I

m neither crack'd nor drunk, my Charley, tho' I write such nonsense vile,—

Tho' I write such utter twaddle, 'tis not from a *non comp.* noddle,

It's only the intense conceit and affectation of my style—)

Soh! (I said)—and then forgave her.—and she promised to behave her-

Self in future like an angel—(which she did, and used her *wings*)

And I fancied yestermorning (ass!) that my reward was dawning,—
So it was—and with a vengeance! (ass again) But some one rings—

'Twas a cruel thing—but funny?—her eloping on her Honey-
Moon's *first* evening?—cutting, very,—and for me the world is dead.
What a floorer to my hopes is this performance on the ropes! Miss
Marianne *suspensa scalis*—(would t'were *sus. per col.* instead!)

Fool that I was to be wedded! Idiot, ninny, wooden-headed—
I'm a wiser man now, Charley,—*certes*, up to snuff—but sadder,—
Who'd have thought she'd such a sin do, as to mizzle by the window?

LORD J.'S COURTSHIP.

Who—that bell again! what's this? * * *

A Bill of £5 for the Ladder!

I've Lost my ——.

PEELER, hast thou found my treasure,
Hast thou seen my vanish'd Fair?
Flora of the raven ringlets,
Flora of the shining hair?

Tell me quick, and no palaver,
For I am a man of heat—
Hast thou seen her, oh Policeman!
Hast thou mark'd her on thy beat?

Twigg'd, I say, her fairy figure
In the wilderness of Bow?
Traced her lilliputian foot-prints
On the sands of Rotten Row?

Out alas! thou answ'rest nothing,
And my senseless anger dies;
Who would look for "speculation"
In a boil'd potato's eyes?

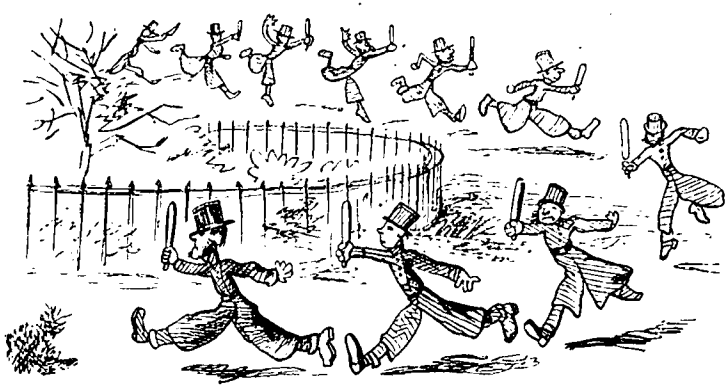
Foggy Peeler! purblind Peeler!
Wherefore walk'st thou in a dream?—
Ask a plethoric black beetle
Why it walks into the cream!

Why the jolly gnats find pleasaunce
In your drowsy orbs of sight,—
Why besotted daddy long-legs
Hum into the nearest light,—

Ah, my Flora! (graceless chit!) O
Pearl of all thy peerless race!

Where shall fancy find one fit, O
Fit to fill thy vacant place?
Who can be the graceful ditt-o
Ditto to that form and face?

Hence, then, sentimental twaddle!
Love, thy fetters I will fly—
Friendship is not worth a boddle,
Lost, alas! I've lost—MY SKYE.



Sonnet.

(*By M.U.F.F. T—pp—r.*)

TO HIMSELF.

3,001st.

FF! off! thou art an ass, thou art an
ass,
"Thou man of endless words and
little sense,
"Of pigmy powers and conceit im-
mense—
"Thou art a Donkey!——Take a bit of grass?"
Oh, Martin! Oh, my Tupper! *thus* exclaims
A senseless Age, grown envious of thy fames,—

Thy Wreath of sonnets, and Proverbial Crown:—
Blest Silence! ah, blest Silence! thou art Heav'n!
(See my remarks in Number 47)—
Yet will I breathe my pleasant Sonnets forth
Innumerable. Hundreds more—aye tens
Of thousands. Sweet etherial rhymes,
I hold ye here! and hug ye—all the lot—
A monstrous pile of quintescential ROT!!

The Petition.

AH! pause awhile, kind gentleman,
Nor turn thy face away;
There is a boon that I must ask,
A pray'r that I would pray.

Thou hast a loving wife at home?
A son—perchance like me—
And children fair with golden hair
To cling around thy knee?

Then by their happy faces,
And by their merry tone;
By home, and all its tender joys,
Which I have never known,—

By all the smiles that hail thee now;
By ev'ry former sigh;
By ev'ry pang that thou hast felt
When lone, perchance, as I,—

By youth and all its blossoms gay,
By manhood's ripen'd fruits,
By hope and charity I pray----
Per'll let me clean per Boots!

A brush with S. B Brigade.

Advertisement.

LOST, stolen, or stray'd—During Saturday's fog—
A confoundedly ugly terrier dog.
Coat short, fore-legs long, color muddyish black.
Item—No hair on the top of the back.
Bites freely; (don't play with his tail before dinner)
Responds to the sweet patronymic of "Skinner."
Whoso brings the above to Old-Lady Place East,
WILL BE REWARDED!! (*by getting rid of the beast*).

Song of In-the-Water.

(By L—g—f—w.)

WHEN the summer night descended
Sleepy on the White-Witch water;
Came a lithe and lovely maiden,
Gazing on the silent water—
Gazing on the shining river—
With her azure eyes and tender!

On the river, glancing forward,
Till the laughing waves sprang upward,
Dancing in her smile of sunshine
Curling ev'ry dimpled ripple
As they sprang into the starlight;
As they clasp'd her charm'd reflection
Glowing to their silver bosoms!
And they whisper'd, "Fairest, fairest,
"Rest upon our crystal bosoms!"

And she straightway "did according:"—

Down into the water stept she,
Down into the tranquil river,
Like a red deer in the sunset—
Like a ripe leaf in the autumn!
Ever from her lips of coral,
From her lips like roses snow-fill'd,
Came a soft and dreamy murmur,
Softer than the breath of summer,
Softer than the murm'ring river!
Sighs that melted as the snows melt,
Silently and sweetly melted;

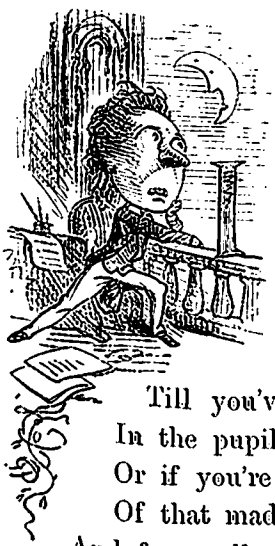
Words that mingled with the crisping
Foam upon the billow resting.

From the forest shade primeval,
Piggey-Wiggey look'd out at her;
He the very Youthful Porker—
He the Everlasting Grunter—
Gazed upon her there, and wondered!
With his nose out, rokey-pokey—
And his tail up, curley-wurley—
Wonder'd what on earth the row meant,
Wonder'd what the girl was up to—
What the deuce her little game was?

And she floated down the river,
Like a water-tight Ophelia—
For her Crinoline sustained her!!

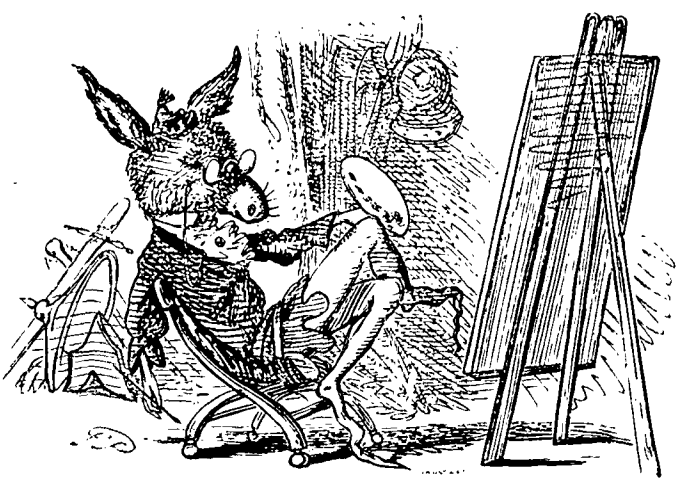
(*Swan and Edgar's Life-Preserver.*)

IN MEDIÆVOS.



IF you love to wear
An unlimited extent of hair
Push'd frantically back behind a pair
Of ears, that all asinine comparison defy—
And peripatate by star light
To gaze upon some far light
Till you've caught an aggravated catarrh right
In the pupil of your frenzy rolling eye,—
Or if you're given to the style
Of that mad fellow Tom Carlyle,
And fancy all the while you're taking "an earnest view"
of things,
Making Rousseau a hero,
Mahomet better than Nero,
And Cromwell an angel in ev'rything except the wings:

Or if you write sonnets,
In (and out of) TIME and on its
Everlasting "works of art and genious" (cobweb wreath'd!)
And fly off into rapture
At some villanous old picture
Not one atom like nature
Nor any human creature, that ever breath'd,—
Some Amazonian Vixen
Of indescribable complexion
And *hideous*, all conception to surpass,
And actually prefer this abhorrence
To a lovely portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence - - -
Why then—I think that you must be an Ass!



Lay of the Deserted Influenzed.

(How your speak through your Dose.)

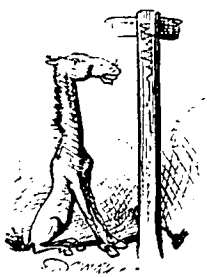
H, doe, doe!
I shall dever see her bore!
Dever bore our feet shall rove
The beadows as of yore!
Dever bore with byrtle boughs
Her tresses shall I twide—
Dever bore her bellow voice
Bake bellody with bide!

Dever shall we lidger bore,
Abid the flow'rs at dood,
Dever shall we gaze at dight
Upod the tedtder bood!
Ho, doe, doe!
Those berry tibes have flowd,
Ad I shall dever see her bore,
By beautiful! by owd!

Ho, doe, doe!
I shall dever see her bore,
She will forget be id a bonth—
Bost probably before.
She will forget the byrtle boughs,
The flow'rs we pluck'd at dood,
Our beetigs by the tedtder stars,
Our gazigs od the bood.
Ad I shall dever see agaid
The Lily ad the Rose;
The dabask cheek! the sdowy brow!
The perfect bouth ad dose!
Ho, doe, doe!
Those berry tibes have flowd—

Ad I shall dever see her bore,
By beautiful!! by owd!!

Hard Lines!



T was the huge metropolis
With fog was like to choke;
It was the ancient cabby-horse
His seedy knees that broke:

And oh, it was the cabby-man
That swore with all his might,

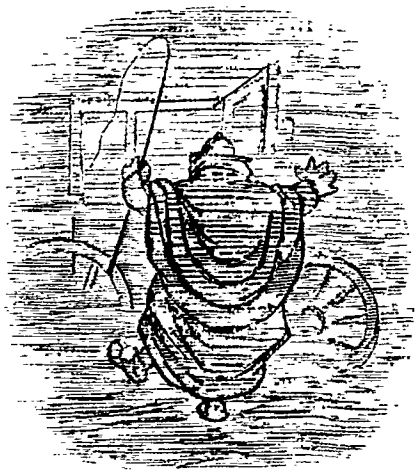
And did request he might be blow'd
Particularly tight,
If any Swell should make him stir
Another step that night!

Then up and spake that bold cabman,
Unto his inside Fare,—
"I say, you Sir,—come out of that!—
"I say, you sir in there—

"Six precious aggrawatin miles
"I've druv to this here gate,
"And that poor injer'd hanimal
"Is in a faintin state!

"There aint a thimblefull of light,
"The fog's as black as pitch,—
"I'm flummox'd 'tween them posteses
„ And that most *'ateful* ditch

"So bundle out! my 'oss is beat
"I'm sick of this 'ere job:—
"I say, you Sir in there,—*d'you 'ear?* - - -
* * * *
He's bolted! Strike me Bob!"

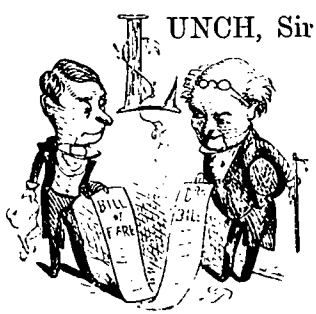


TOO BAD, YOU KNOW—EH?

Daily Trials.

(By a Dyspeptic.)

Prestissimo.



LUNCH, Sir? Yes 'er, Pickled Salmon
Lobsters kidneys greens and"
—"Gammon!
Have you got no wholesome
meat, Sir?
Flesh or fowl that one can
eat, Sir?"

"Eat, Sir? Yes 'er, Heaven bless yer!
Pork, Sir"—"Pork, Sir, I detest, Sir."
"Oysters?" "Are to me unblest, Sir."
"Duck, Sir?" "No, Sir, gutter-roker—
Sooner eat the kitchen poker."
"Fish, Sir?" "Pish, Sir!" "Bones, Sir?" "Devil!"
"Sausage?" "I shall be uncivil—
Hath a puppy charms for Briton?
Can the soul rejoice in kitton?"
"Shrimps, Sir? Prawns, Sir? Crawfish? Winkle?
Scallops ready in a twinkle?
Wilks and cockles? Crabs to follow!"
"Heavens! *nothing* I can swallow!"
"Swallow? Yes 'er, on the dresser
Dishes stand, from one to twenty."
"Curse you, waiter! bring a 'tater—
I shall starve in midst of plenty!!

DAILY TRIALS.

The Suppliant.

USTUS, darling! I beseech you,
By the endless vows you swore,
Underneath the ancient cedar,
In the sunny days of yore,—

By your oath to GUARD and cherish,
(Earnest of our wedded loves—)
By the smart rebuke you got, Sir,
When you dared to "win the gloves,"—

By each sad and sweet remembrance,
Link'd with all our early hopes;
By our stolen moonlight meetings,
By our *escalier* of ropes,—

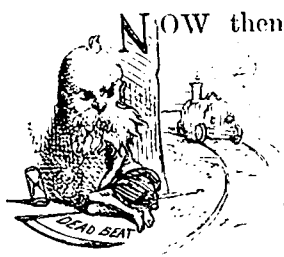
By the olive branches twining
Green around our happy hearth,
By the shade of former sorrow
Ling'ring, ghost-like, on our path,—

By my thrills of deep devotion—
By my frantic sighs and tears—
Lord of this excited bosom,
"Join the Rifle Volunteers!"

Our sweet Recruiting-Sergeants.

The Night Mail North.

(Euston Square, 1840.)



NOW then, take your seats! for Glasgow
and the North;
"Chester!—Carlisle!—Holyhead,
and the wild Frith of Forth.
"Clap on the steam, and sharp's
the word
"You men in scarlet cloth:—
"*Are* there any more pas . . sengers,
"For the Night . . Mail . . to the North!"

Are there any more passengers?
Yes three—but they can't get in,—
Too late, too late!—How they bellow and knock,
They might as well try to soften a rock
As the heart of that fellow in green.

For the Night Mail North? what Ho—
(No use to struggle, you can't get thro')
My young and lusty one—
Whither away from the gorgeous town?—
"For the lake and the stream and the heather brown,
"And the double-barrell'd gun!"

For the Night Mail North, I say?—
You with the eager eyes—
You with the haggard face and pale?—
"From a ruin'd hearth and a starving brood,
"A CRIME and a felon's gaol!"

For the Night Mail North, old man?—
Old statue of despair—
Why tug and strain at the iron gate?
"My daughter!!" Ha! too late, too late,
She is gone, you may safely swear;
She has given you the slip, d'you hear?
She has left you alone in your wrath,—
And she's off and away, with a glorious start,
To the home of her choice, with the man of her heart,
By the Night Mail North!

* * *

* * *

Wh. . . . . *ish*—R. . . . . *ush*
Wh. . . . . *ish*—R. . . . . *ush*. . . . . .
"What's all that hullabaloo?
"Keep fast the gates there—who is this
"That insists on bursting thro'?"

A desp'rate man whom none may withstand,
For look, there is something clench'd in his hand—
Tho' the bearer is ready to drop—
He waves it wildly to and fro,
And hark! how the crowd are shouting below—
"Back!"—
And back the opposing barriers go,
"A reprieve for the Cannongate murderer Ho!
"In the Queen's name—
"STOP.
"Another has confessed the crime."

Whish—rush—whish—rush—
The Guard has caught the flutt'ring sheet,
Now forward and northward! fierce and fleet,
Thro' the mist and the dark and the driving sleet,
As if life and death were in it;
'Tis a splendid race! a race against TIME,—
And a thousand to one we win it.
Look at those flitting ghosts—
The white-arm'd finger posts—
If we're moving the eighth of an inch, I say,
We're going a mile a minute!

A mile a minute—for life or death—
Away, away! tho' it catches one's breath,
The man shall not die in his wrath:
The quivering carriages rock and reel—
Hurrah! for the rush of the grinding steel!
The thund'ring crank, and the mighty wheel!—

Are there any more pas . . sengers
For the Night . . Mail . . to the North?

How the Daughters come down at Dunoon.

(*By R—b—t S—th—y.*)

"*There standyth on the one side of Dunoon, a hill or moleock of passynge steepnesse, and right slipperie withal; whereupon, in gaye times, ye youths and ye maidens of that towne do exceedingly disport themselves and take their pleasaunce; runnynge both uppe and downe with great glee and joyousnesse, to the much endangerment of their faire nekkes.*"

Kirke's Memoirs.

HOW do the Daughters
Come down at Dunoon?

Daintily:
Tenderly

HOW THE DAUGHTERS COME DOWN AT PUNOON.

Fairily,
Gingerly,
Glidingly
Slidingly,
Slippingly
Skippingly
Trippingly
Clippingly!—
Bumpingly
Thumpingly
Stumpingly
Clumpingly,
Starting and bolting,
And darting and jolting,
And tottering and staggering,
And lumbering and slithering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And worrying and flurrying,
And rushing and leaping and crushing and creeping,
Feathers a-flying all—bonnets untying all—
Petticoats rapping and flapping and slapping all,
Crinolines flowing and blowing and showing all
Balmorals, dancing and glancing entrancing all,

Feats of activity—
Nymphs on declivity—
Mothers in extacies—
Fathers in vextacies—
Lady-loves whisking and frisking and clinging on
True-lovers puffing and blowing and springing on,
Dashing and clashing and shying and flying on,
Blushing and flushing and wriggling and giggling on,
Teazing and pleasing and squeezing and wheezing on,
Everlastingly falling and bawling and sprawling on,
Tumbling and rumbling and grumbling and stumbling on,

Any fine afternoon,
About July or June—
That's just how the Daughters
Come down at Dunoon!

The Well of Truth.

'TWAS sunset—(much ill-usëd hour,
Which diff'ring Poets tell you
Is ev'ry shade from green to red
And Southey swears it's yellow)—

And so I lay and smoked a weed—
Immaculate Havannah!—
And watch'd a spider nobbling flies
In an artistic manner.

And mused in speculative vein
On England, and her story;

Why Palmerston was dubb'd a Whig,
And Derby was a Tory;—

Why Manchester detested war,
And cottons took delight in;
Why Cobden's voice was all for peace,
And Horsman's all for fighting;—

Why England sent out Bibles store,
To teach our pig-tail'd brother;
And gave him Gospel with one hand,
And Opium with the other;—

And why the Church was always poor,
And lawyers lived in clover,
And why my tailor made me pay
His last . . . account . . . twice . . . over . . . .

And why . . . . . Perhaps it was the scent
That hover'd round my bow'r?

Perhaps it was the flies that haunt
That soul-subduing hour?

Or else those interesting gnats
(Which sting one so severely)
Made dreamy music round my head,
Until I slept—or nearly:—

And lo! I floated on a pool,
Beneath a monstrous funnel,
Whose crowning disc shone faint above,
Like sun-light thro' a tunnel;

And forms and faces quaint and strange
Swept by me ev'ry minute;
And ev'ry breast transparent lay
And had a window in it.

Then sudden thro' my mind it flash'd—
What mania could have got 'em—

The place was TRUTH'S HISTORIC WELL,
And I—was at the bottom!

* * *

And first I mark'd a sombre man
Of aspect wondrous saintly,
Whose pious eyes look'd shock'd and good,
If Sin but whisper'd faintly;

And every Sunday in the plate,
His clinking gold was given
With such an air—the righteous vow'd
His alms had conquer'd Heaven!

And such his godly wrath 'gainst all
Who betted, swore, or liquor'd,—
Old women said around his head
An Angel halo flicker'd.

But looking through his heart I saw
A blank, dark, moral torpor,—

And while he gave his Princely alms
He cursed the needy Pauper.

And all men grovell'd at his feet
With coax, and crawl, and wheedle ;—
But I thought of Dives' burning tongue
And the parabolic needle.

And next I spied a rev'rend band,
In cassock, cope, and mitre,
Who diff'ring slightly from the Church,
Lent all their wits to spite her,—

With some who thought church music gave
The Devil grievous handles ;
And some who lit Polemic War
By lighting altar-candles ;

And one who held a certain place
Most probable to get to,

Unless he preach'd in a scarlet cloak
And pray'd in a *falsetto.*—

But *one* thing I could plainly read,
On ev'ry breast displaying;—
The saintly men took more delight
In quarrelling than praying!

They pass'd—and lo! an Hebrew youth,
To ebon locks confessing,
The sturdy yeomanry of Bucks
In honey'd phrase addressing.

And so enthusiastic wax'd
The sleek bucolic charmer;
As if his body, soul, and brains,
Had all been born a farmer.

And he felt "glad" and "proud," he said,
To meet his friends again—

"His valued friends!"—and in his heart
He wished himself in Spain.

Of all spots in the world, he said,
To see them *there* he'd rather,—
And inly sent them ev'ry one
To Jericho—or farther.

And so he gave their right good health—
And off it went in toppers;
And call'd them "Men and Patriots,"
And in his heart "Clodhoppers."—

And then, with very blandest smiles,
From self and boon carousers,
Gave prizes to some model louts,
And one *a pair of trousers!!**

* *Vide* "Times" of 4 Nov. 1857, giving an account of the meeting of the Amersham and Chesham Agricultural Association.

And as he cried "Take, fine old man,
"These best of merit's brandings,"
He thought "Was ever such a calf
"On such thin understandings!"

Just then roll'd by, so bluff and bold,
A tar—from truck to kelson—
And prophecied such vast exploits,
Men cried—"Another Nelson!"

"You'll see," quoth he, "*I'll* shortly be
"In Heav'n or Cronstadt reckon'd"—
But never meant to chance the *first*,
Or go too near the *second*.

And then I lost him in the crowd,
Nor could the question try on;
If I'd heard the voice of Balaam's ass
Or the roar of Britain's lion;

But when I thought what bumping things
The hero had been saying,
I felt I knew what "Gray" must mean
By the din of battle, *braying.*—

* * * *
* * *
* * * *

"HEARD YE THE DIN OF BATTLE BRAY?

Exexolor!

THE shades of night had fallen (*at last!*)
When from the "Eagle" tap there pass'd
A youth, who bore, in manual vice,
A pot of something monstrous nice—
XX—oh Lor!

His brow was bad:—his young eye scann'd
The frothing pewter in his hand,
And like a gurgling streamlet fell
The accents of that thirsty swell,
XX! oh Lor!

In happy homes he saw them grub
On stout, and oysters from a tub ;
The dismal gas lights shone before,
And from his lips escaped a roar,
"XX ! oh Lor !"

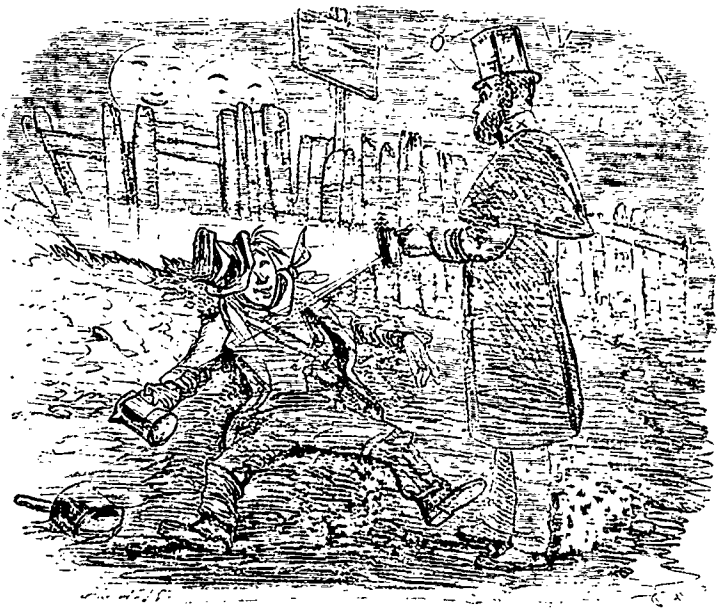
"Young man," the patriarch cried, "oh stay,
"And let me dip my beak, I say—
"The foaming flagon is deep and wide !"
And loud that mocking voice replied,
"XX ? oh Lor !"

"Hold hard," the maiden said, "my dear,
"And rest thy beery burden here !
"The hour is late and I am dry."—
"Perceiv'st thou verdure in my eye ?
XX ?—oh Lor !"

"Beware the gutter at thy feet !
"Beware the Peelers of the street !
"Beware lest thirsty Bob you meet !"

This was the Cockney's last remark,
A voice replied, far thro' the dark,
"XX! oh Lor!"

That night, by watchmen on their round,
The party in a ditch was found;
Still grasping in his manual vice
That pot—once fill'd with something nice.—
XX! oh Lor!



The Battle of Waterloo (Place).

THEY come! the panic-stricken Franks
Press back to right and left,
And thro' their palpitating ranks
A ghastly lane is cleft.

A ghastly, ever wid'ning lane—
Sweep on, ye hearts of steel!
Nor count the hecatomb of slain
Beneath your cursed wheel:—

They come, they come ; remorseless few !
Bear back—both friend and foe :—
Distraction ! terror !—*sauve qui peut,*
Perambulators, Ho !

"COME WHEEL COME WOE."

Ghostries.

DID you never hear a rustling,
In the corner of your room;
When the faint fantastic fire-light
Served but to reveal the gloom?
Did you never feel the clammy
Terror, starting from each pore,
At a shocking
Sort of knocking
On your chamber door?

Did you never fancy something
Horrid, underneath the bed?
Or a ghastly skeletonian,
In the garret overhead?
Or a sudden life-like movement,
Of the *Vandyke*, grim and tall?
Or that ruddy
Mark, a bloody
Stain upon the wall?

Did you never see a fearful
Figure, by the rushlight low;
Crouching, creeping, *crawling* nearer—
Putting out its fingers—*SO.*
Whilst its lurid eyes glared on you
From the darkness where it sat--
And you *could* not,
Or you *would* not,
See it was the cat?

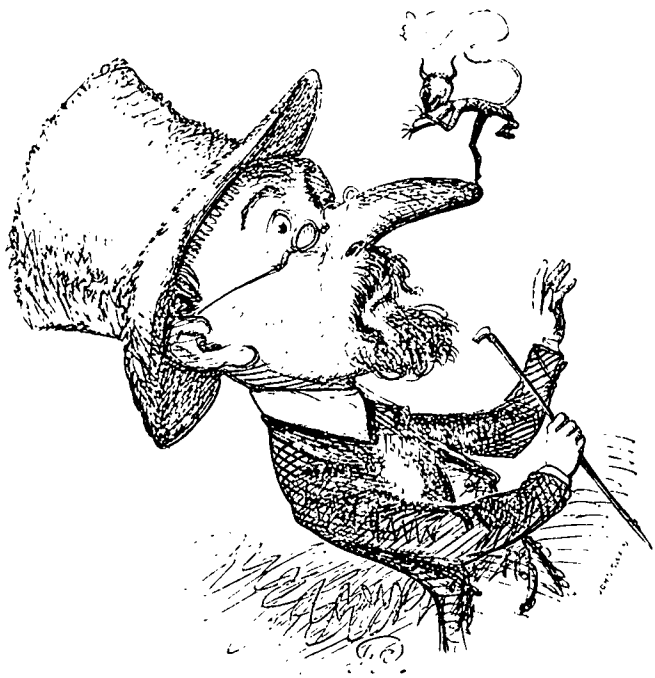
GHOSTRIES.

Wus, Ever Wus.

VUS! ever wus!:—By freak of Puck's
My most exciting hopes are dash'd;
I *never* wore my spotless ducks
But madly—wildly!—they were splash'd.

I never roved by Cynthia's beam,
To gaze upon the starry sky;
But some confounded beetle came,
And charged into my pensive eye:

And oh! I never did the "swell"
In Regent-street, amongst the beaus,
But smuts the most prodigious fell,
And always settled on my Nose!



A SETTLER FOR AN EMIGRANT.

Very Distressing.

Oh CHARLES! what's this? I can't
get up—
I'm fasten'd to the chair—
As tight as Jeffry's liquid glue
That mends the crock'ry-ware,—

I feel I'm growing to my seat!
Nay, husband, do not quiz—
There's something supernatural,
Dear Charles, I *know* there is.

This comes of reading Mrs. Crowe,
And all those horrid things,
'Mesmeric sleeps,' and 'rapping fiends,'
And ghouls with vampire wings;

I'm sure I never could survive
Satanical attacks!
Oh dear, oh dear!—"Confound it, Jane,
You're on my Cobbler's-Wax!"

Derby Day.

H! who will o'er the Downs with me?"
Over Epsom Downs, and away?
The Sun has got a tear in his eye,
And the morning mists are light and high;—
We shall have a splendid day.

* * *

And splendid it is, by all that's hot!—
A regular blaze on the hill;
And the turf rebounds from the charger's heel
And the tapering spokes of the delicate wheel
With a springy-velvety sort of a feel
That fairly invites "a spill."

Splendid indeed, but we mus'nt stop,
The folks are beginning to run,—
Is yonder a cloud that covers the course?
No, it's fifty thousand—man and horse—
Come out to see the fun.

What a wonderful lot of heads and hats!
Here's a miracle coming to pass—
There isn't a roof on the Downs for miles,
Yet I can see twenty acres of "tiles,"
And not an atom of grass.

* * *

So—just in time for the trial spin;
"Hats off! hats off in front!
"D'you hear, young man, in the wide-awake?"
The tightened barriers quiver and shake,
But they bravely bear the brunt.

Keep clear the course! for here they come,
The glorious, graceful things!
In the very sport of their strength and pride;
Ha! that's the Favourite—look at his *stride*,
It suggests the idea of wings:

And the glossy neck is arched and firm
In spite of the flying pace;
The jockey sticks to his back like glue,
And his eye is quick and his hand is true,
And whatever skill and pluck can do
He will do to win the race.

* * *

"Now off!"..... And away at the very first start,
The flag comes fluttering down.
A curious hush is over the crowd:
Is that your heart that's thumping so loud?
No, I really believe it's my own.

One,—two,—three,—you might reckon a score;
Did you hear that distant cry?
Then hark how it gathers, far and near,
One rolling, ringing, rattling cheer
As the race goes dashing by,
And away with the hats and caps in the air,
And the horses seem to FLY . . .

Forward! forward! at railway speed,
There's one that has fairly taken the lead
In a style that can scarce miscarry;
Over and on, like a flash of light,
And now his colours are coming in sight,
Favourite! Favourite!—scarlet and white—
He'll win, by the Lord Harry!

If he can but clear the Corner, I say,
The Derby is lost and won—
It's an awful shave, but he'll do the trick,
Now! Now or never—he's passing it quick.—
He's round! . . .
No, he isn't; he's broken his neck,
And the jockey his collar bone:
And the thund'ring race is over his head,
Without stopping to ask if he's living or dead,—
Was there ever such rudeness known?

He fell like a trump in the foremost place—
He died with the rushing wind on his face—
At the wildest bound of his glorious pace—
In the mad exulting revel;

He left his shoes to his son and heir,
His hocks to a champagne dealer at Ware,
A lock of his hair
To the Lady-Mare,
And his hoofs and his tail——to the *****!

Not Exactly!

H! whose, yon cottage by the brook,
Yon cottage white and clean;
Can'st tell me, little village boy,
For 'tis a pleasant scene?

A pleasant and a lovely scene,
Where innocence must dwell;

Where gentle-hearted peasants learn
To love the sabbath bell.

Not theirs the strife for vulgar wealth,
For sordid gain unblest;
Their simple wants are all supplied
From Nature's bounteous breast.

In peaceful labour flows their life
Amid such scenes as these;
And ah! methinks I spy a friend
Beneath the chestnut trees,—

A friend of man!—that faithful friend,
Whose patience ne'er doth fail,—
Who lets the little Clodhoppers
Play mildly with his tail.

It is, *it is!* Behold the beast
So rudely called an ass!
Behold the beast who doth rejoice
In thistles more than grass!

Then tell me *whose* these rural sweets?
These joys that toil reward;
The purling brook—the whisp'ring trees—
The Edward on the sward—

The cottage with the rustic thatch?
At length the urchin spoke—
"That ere's where Fayther kills the pigs,
"And yon's his Cat's-Meat Moke."

NOT EXACTLY

Ah, Who?

HO comes so damp by grass and grave,
At ghastly twilight hour;
And bubbles forth his pois'nous breath
On ev'ry shudd'ring flow'r?

Who dogs the houseless wanderer
Upon the wintry wold;

And kisses—with his frothy lips—
The clammy brow and cold?

Who, hideous, trails a slimy form,
Betwixt the moonlight pale;
And the pale fearful sleeping face?
Our little friend—the Snail.

AH, WHO?

The Massacre of Glen-ho.

HRO' deep Glen-ho the owlet flits,
That valley weird and lone;
The chieftain's agëd widow sits
Beside the bare hearth-stone.

Beside the bare and blighted hearth
Whose fires, now quench'd and black,

Had seen five gallant sons go forth,
And never one come back.

'Tis silent all! but hark—a cry!
And ghastly clamours wake
The midnight glen. Then rose proudly
That ancient dame, and spake—

"What mingled sounds of woe and wail
"Up Mortham's valley spread?
"What shrieks upon the gusty gale
"Come pealing overhead?

"I hear the pibroch's piercing swell,
"The banshee's scream I hear,
"And hark! again that stifled yell—
"The BODERGLAS is near!!

"The Boderglas with bloody brow
"And tresses dripping red—
"I see him at the window NOW!
"He shakes his gory head!

"Then daughter, to thy mother's arms,
"Thus, thus, in close embrace,
"The messenger of death we'll meet—
"The slayer of our race.

"Then do not weep, my daughter dear:"—
"Oh mother, 'tis not that—
"But Donald Blair with the carrotty hair,
"Has killed our Old Tom Cat!"

HER-STERICS.

52379

The viii Crusade.

(Preach'd by Puck ye Poete against Paint and Pommade.)

O you wish that your skin should
be fair?
That your face should be rosy
and plump?
Morning noontide and night
Take a dip in the bright
Wave that flows from the spout
of the pump,—
From a PUMP!—
Not a dump
Do we care for the lily
Pick'd in Piccadilly,
Or grown by the "CAMPHORATE LUMP."

Do you sigh for ambrosial hair?
For clustering ringlets to match?
Little goose!
To the deuce
With pommades—learn the use
Of the BRUSH, and you'll soon have a thatch
That shall catch
The moustachio'd amasser
Of ROWLAND'S MACASSAR,
(Which costs half a guinea a batch).

Is it ivory teeth you desire?
A set that no dentist may trammel?
To ROWLAND'S O-DONT-O
Cry, "No that we won't O!
"It softens the blessëd enamel!"
(Enamel
That Schamyll
Sends packing, confound it,
To the Sultan Mahound. (It
'S *au naturel,* perch'd on a Camel))

Then toy not with powder and paste,

Sweet nymphs, they are deadliest foes;
No PIVER persuade you—
No ROWLAND invade you—
In peace let each dimple repose
Where it grows!
When he shows
You his KALYDOR LOTION
Reply "We've a notion
"It takes all the skin off one's nose!"
(As he goes)
Add "There's nothing can beat your's
"For blasting the features
"But 'ATKINSON'S MILK OF THE ROSE!'"

THE VIII. CRUSADE.

The Fight for the Championship.

By L—d M——l—y.

TOLD BY AN ANCIENT GLADIATOR TO HIS GREAT GRANDMOTHER.

I.

ARGE Heenan of Benicia,
By ninety-nine gods he swore,
That the bright Belt of England
Should grace her sons no more.
By ninety-nine he swore it,
And named the "fisting" day.—
East and west and south and north

Sir Richard Mayne rode wildly forth
His Forces to array!

II.

East and west and south and north
The smart Detectives flew—
South and north and east and west
They watch'd the long day thro.'
West and south—east and north—
The word went flashing by,
"Look out for Sayers and Heenan,
"And Peelers—*mind your eye!*"

III.

Sir Robert's azure Heroes
Look'd out uncommon keen,
From park and plain and prairie,
From heath and upland green;
From Essex fens and fallows,
From Hampshire—dale and down—
From Sussex' hundred miles of sand,
To Shropshire's fat and flow'ry land
And Cheshire's wild and wasted strand,

And Yorkshire's heather brown;—
And so, of course, the fight came off
Not thirty miles from Town.

IV.

Then first stept out great Heenan,
Unmatch'd for breadth and length;
And in his chest it might be guess'd,
He had unpleasant strength.
And to him went the Sayers
That look'd both small and thin,
But well each practised eye could read
The Lion and the Bull-dog breed,—
And from each fearless stander-by
Arose that genuine British cry,
"Go in, my boy,—and WIN!"

V.

Stout Sayers smote tall Heenan
Through mouth-piece and through cheek;
Tall Heenan smote stout Sayers
Into th' ensuing week;
Full seven days thence he smote him

With one prodigious crack,
And the undaunted Champion straight
Discern'd that he was five feet eight,
When flat upon his back:—
Whilst a great shout of laughter
Rang from the Yankee pack.

VI.

As springs the Whitworth bullet
Up sprang the Champion then,
And dealt the huge Benician
A vast thump on the chin;
And thrice and four times strongly
Drove in the shatt'ring blow;
And thrice and four times waver'd
The herculean foe;
And his great arms swung wildly,
Like ship-masts, to and fro.

VII.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard on either side,
Whilst feint, and draw, and rally,

The cautious Bruisers tried ;
And long they sparr'd and counter'd,
Till Heenan sped a thrust
So fierce and quick, it swept away
Th' opposing guard like sapling spray,—
And for the second time that day
The Champion bit the dust.

VIII.

Short time lay English Sayers
Upon the ground at length,
Short time his Yankee foeman
Might triumph in his strength ;
Right to his dexter optic
The Champion sent a blow—
Such blow no other hand could dash
Such blow no other arm could smash—
The giant tottered low ;
And for a space they spong'd his face,
And thought the eye would go.

IX.

Time's up!—Again they battle;
Again the strokes fly free;
But Sayers' right arm—that arm of pride—
Now dangles pow'rless by his side,
Plain for all eyes to see;
And thro' that long and desp'rate shock—
Two mortal hours on the clock—
By sheer indomitable pluck
With his *left hand* fought he!

X.

With his left hand he fought him,
Though he was sore in pain,—
Full twenty times hurl'd backward,
Still pressing on again!
With his left hand he fought him,
Till each could fight no more;
Till Sayers could scarcely strike a blow,
Till Heenan could not see his foe—
Such fighting England never knew
Upon her soil before!

XI.

They gave him of the standard
Gold coinage of the realm,
As much as one stout guardsman
Could carry in his helm;
They made him an ovation
On the Exchange hard by,—
And they may slap their pockets
In witness if I lie.

XII.

And ev'ry soul in England
Was glad, both high and low,
And books were voted snobbish,
And "gloves" were all the go;
And each man told the story,
Whilst ladies' hearts did melt,
How Sayers, the British Champion,
Did battle for the Belt.

XIII.

And still, when Yankees swagger
Th' almighty "stars and stripes,"

And put eternal bunkum
Into their neighbours' pipes,—
With joke and gibe and banter
Long shall the tale be told,
How stout Tom Sayers kept the Belt
And Yankee Doodle sold!

Charge of the Light (Irish) Brigade.

(*Not by A—f—d T—y—n.*)

OUTHWARD Ho—Here we go!—
O'er the wave onward,
Out from the Harbor of Cork
Sail'd the Six Hundred!
Sail'd like Crusaders thence,
Burning for Peter's pence,—
Burning to show their zeal—
Into the gates of Rome,

Into the jaws of Hell,
(It's all the same)
March'd the Six Hundred!

"Barracks, and tables laid!
Room for the Pope's Brigade!"
But ev'ry Celt afraid,
Gazed on the grub dismay'd—
Twigg'd he had blunder'd:—
"Who can eat rancid grease?
Call *this* a room a-piece?"—
"Silence accursed din,
Prick them with bayonets in."—
Blessëd Six Hundred!

Waves ev'ry battle-blade.—
"Forward! the Pope's Brigade!"—
Was there a man obeyed?
No—where they stood they stay'd,
Tho' Lamoriciere pray'd,
Threaten'd, and thunder'd,—

"Charge!" Down their sabres then
Clash'd as they turn'd—and ran—
Sab'ring the empty air,
Each of one taking care,—
Here, there, and ev'rywhere
Scatter'd and sunder'd!

Sick of the powder smell,
Down on their knees they fell;
Howling for hearth and home—
Cursing the Pope of Rome—
Whil'st afar shot and shell
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Captured, alive and well,
Ev'ry Hibernian swell,
Came back the tale to tell;
Back from the states of Rome—
Back from the gates of Hell—
Safe and sound ev'ry man-
Jack of Six Hundred!

When shall their story fade?
Oh the mistake they made!
Nobody wonder'd.
Pity the fools they made—
Pity the Pope's Brigade—
NOBBLED Six Hundred!

Perils of the Fine Arts.

GOOD gracious, Julia! wretched girl,
What horror do I see?
What frantic fiend has wrought the deed
That rends your charms from me?
Those dazzling charms which like the sun
Lit up Bellinda Place—

What fiend, I ask, in human mask
Has DARED to black your face?

Your cheeks that once surpass'd the rose,
Are both of ebon hue,—
Your lips are brown, and ah! your nose—
That little nose—is blue.
An hour ago the driven snow
Was not so stainless pure,—
And now, alack! you're more a black,
Than any black-a-more.

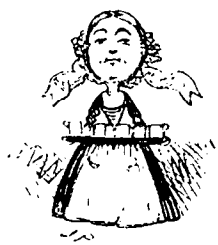
Some wretch has painted you! Oh, Jove,
That I could clutch his throat!—
That I could give his ears a *cuff*,
Who gave your face a *coat:*
If there is justice in the land—
But no:—the law is bosh:
Altho' its true you're black and blue
That remedy "won't wash."

Revenge, I say!—yet hold, no rage—
I will be calm, sweet wife—

Calm—*icy* calm——Speak, woman, speak,
' That I may have his life!!
Who did the deed?—"Oh! George, 'twas *you!*
"Nay, dearest, do not shrink—
"This face and chin!—I've wash'd it in
"Your Photographic Ink!"

A PORTRAIT—AFTER BLACK-ALL.

School "Feeds."



Y, there they sit! a merry rout
As village green can show,
That were such woful little wights
An hour or two ago.

Such woful weary little wights!
And precious hungry too—
And now they look like sausages
All smiling in a row.

For they have fed on dainty meat
This jolly summer's day,
And ate—as only people eat
When *other* people pay!

A pyramid of roasted ox
Has vanish'd like a shot;
Plum puddings brobdignag have gone
The second time, to pot;

Deluded fowls have come to grief,
With persecuted geese;
And ducks (it is a wicked world!)
Departed life in *peas*.

My Lord and Lady Bountiful
Have done the civil thing,—
The lovely patrons of "the turf"
Have waited in the "ring;"

The Grand Comptroller of the cake
Can hardly hold the knife;
The milk-and-water Ganymede
Is weary of her life;

Yet still the conflict rages round!
But now there comes a lull—

The edge of youthful appetite
Is waxing somewhat dull—
And fat Fenetta bobs, and says,
"No, thank ye, Mum,—I'm 'ful'!"

Alone amid the festive throng
One infant brow is sad!
One cherub face is wet with grief—
What ails yon little lad?

Why still with scarifying sleeve
That woful visage scrub?
Ah! much I fear, my gentle boy,
You don't enjoy your grub?

It's clear you're sadly off your feed,
Your laughing looks have fled,—
Perhaps some little faithful friend
Has punch'd your little head?

You miss some well remembered face
The merry rout among?

The lips that blest, the arms that prest,
The neck to which you clung?—
A brother's voice? a sister's smile?—
Perhaps—you've burnt your tongue?

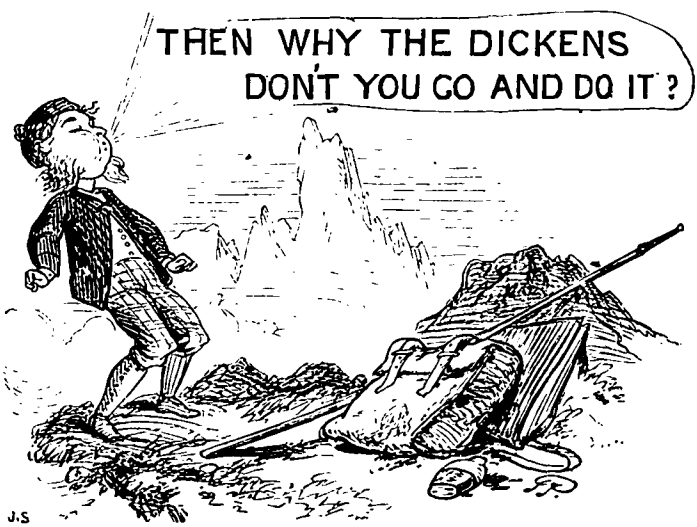
Here, on a sympathetic breast,
Your tale of suff'ring pour.
Come, darling! tell me all——"Boo-hoo;—
"I can't eat any more!"

Our Traveller.

IF thou would'st stand on Etna's
burning brow,
With smoke above, and roaring
flame below;
And gaze adown that molten
gulf reveal'd,
Till thy soul shudder'd and
thy senses reel'd:

If thou wouldst beard Niag'ra in his pride,
Or stem the billows of Propontic tide;

Scale all alone some dizzy Alpine "*haut*,"
And shriek "Excelsior!" amidst the snow:
Wouldst tempt all deaths, all dangers that may be—
Perils by land, and perils on the sea,—
This vast round world, I say, if thou wouldst view it—



"Marriage in High Life."

IR Toby was healthy, wealthy and wise;
Sir Toby lived on Clapham-Rise;
Deny the fact who can:
Sir Toby was a portly party;
Sir Toby took his turtle hearty;
He was an Alderman.

A regular St. Stephen's Bull
Of the genuine breed, with his pockets full,
And a twenty-man-power of 'dine;'
His cellar Bacchus would have backt,—
He was a City Swell in fact
Of the very first water—and wine.

An Alderman of the first degree,
But neither chick nor child had he
Except one daughter fair;
And often said her father, "Cis,
"You shall be dubb'd 'my Lady,' Miss,
"When I am dubb'd Lord Mayor.

"The day I don the Civic chain,
"In Hymen's modern Fetter-Lane
"You wed Sir Gobble Grist;
"And whilst I strut and star it by
"St. George's in the East, you'll try
"St. George's in the West.'

Oh vision of paternal pride!
Oh blessëd Groom to such a bride!
Oh happy Lady Cis!
Yet sparks won't always strike the match,
And she may chance to miss her 'catch,'
Or he may catch—a *miss!*

Such things do happen, here and there,
When Lords are old, and Ladies fair,
And who can say they don't?
When Worldly takes the gilded pill,
And Dives stands and says "I will,"
And Beauty says "I WONT!"

Sweet Beauty! Sweeter thus by far!
Young Goddess of the silver star,
Divinity capricious,—
Who would not barter wealth and wig,
For youth—when 'plums' wern't worth a fig
And Venus smiled propitious?

Alas! that beaus will lose their spring,
And belles perverse refuse to 'ring,'
Unstruck by Cupid's dart!
Yet oft'ner has the Archer sold
The white and red, to touch the gold,
And Diamonds trump'd the Heart!

That luckless heart! too soon misplaced!—
Why is it that parental taste
On sagest calculation based
So rarely pleases Miss?
Let those who can the riddle read;
For me, I've no idea indeed,
No more perhaps than Cis.

It might have been she found the Knight
Not over witty, wise, or bright;
Romantic—sprightly—gay?—
It might have been she thought his hat
Or head too round or square or flat
Or empty—who can say?

What Bard shall dare? Perhaps his nose?—
A shade too pink, or pale, or rose?—
A wrinkle?—here—or there?—
Perhaps the *preux chevalier's* chance,
Hung on a word or on a glance,
Or on a single hair!

I know not! But the Parson waited,
The Groomsmen swore, the Bridegroom rated,
'Till two o'clock or near;—
Then home again in rage and wrath,
Whilst pretty Cis——was rattling North
WITH JONES THE VOLUNTEER!

EDINBURGH
ENGAGED

Charade.

(TRANSLATED BY THE GHOST OF PR—ED.)

In the name of Fo,
Thus saith the shadow of Nobody.

FROM many a dark delicious ripple
The Moonbeams drank ethereal tipple;
Whilst over Eastern grove and dell
The perfum'd breeze of evening fell,
And the sweet Bulbul warbling gave
Her music to the answering wave.
But not alone the Bulbul's note
Bade Echo strike her silver lute,
Nor fell the music of her dream
Alone on waving wood and stream;

For thro' the orange blossoms stay'd,
Enamour'd youth, and fairy maid;
And mingled with her warblings lone
A voice of sweet and playful tone.

"And ah," the gentlest accents said,
"You speak of Gift, or Task;
"But if you love me as you vow,
"Then give me what I ask!"

"Nay, take my life!" her lover cried,
"Nor break this dream of bliss;
"Take house, or head, or lands, or fame—
"Take ev'ry thing but *this*,—

"To gaze upon those silken braids
"Unenvied be my part;
"I could not steal one golden tress,
"To bind it round my heart.

"Tho' all the pearls of Ind were strung
"Upon a single hair,

"I would not cut the shiner off,
"I wouldn't, Za', I swear."

The lady laugh'd a careless laugh,—
"While downward flows the river,
"The lover who bids for Zadie's heart
"And hand, must make up his mind to part
"With my *whole*, or part for ever!"

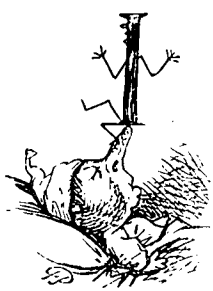
"Remorseless Nymph!" exclaimed the youth,
"Thus stick'ling for a curl,—
"Delilah was a joke to you,
"Excruciating girl!

"Sole Empress of the breast of Fi,
"What can the object be,
"For you to get a *lock* for which
"You ne'er can get a *key?*

"Just think, if I should wear a wig,
"How would you like me, Zadie
"I'm sure you'll give it up, my sweet,
"Do—there's a gentle Lady!"

The Maiden laugh'd a silv'ry laugh;—
"The white stars set and shiver;
"The lover who bids for Zadie's heart
"And hand, must make up his mind to part
"With my *whole*—or part for ever!"

Aenigma.



DREAMT it! such a funny thing
And now it's taken wing:
I s'pose no man before or since
Dreamt such a funny thing.

It had a monkey—in a trap—
Suspended by the tail:
Oh! but that monkey look'd distress'd,
And his countenance was pale.

And he had danced and dangled there;
Till he grew very mad:
For his tail it was a handsome tail
And the trap had pinch'd it—bad.

The trapper sat below, and grinn'd;
His victim's wrath wax'd hot:—
He bit his tail—and fell—and kill'd
The trapper on the spot:—

* * *

It had a pig—a stately pig;
With a curly tail and quaint:
And the Great Mogul had hold of that
Till he was like to faint.

So twenty thousand Chinamen;
With three tails each at least:
Came up to help the Great Mogul
And took him round the waist.

And so, the tail slipp'd through his hands;
  And so it came to pass;
That twenty thousand Chinamen
  Sat down upon the grass:—

* * * *

It had a Khan—a Tartar Khan—
  With tail superb, I wis:
And that fell graceful down a back
  Which was consider'd his.

And so, all sorts of boys that were
  Accursëd, swung by it:
Till he grew savage in his mind
  And vex'd, above a bit—

And so, he swept his tail, as one
  Awak'ning from a dream:
And those abominable ones
  Flew off into the stream—

And so, they bobbled up and down,
Like many apples there:
Till they subsided—and became
Amongst the things that were:—

* * * *

And so it had a moral too;
That would be bad to lose:
"Whoever takes a *tail* in hand
Should mind his p's and *queues*."

I dreamt it!—such a funny thing!
And now it's taken wing;
I s'pose no man before or since
Dreamt such a funny thing?

ÆNIGMA.

The Thread of Life.

A FRAGMENT.

(After T—s H—d.)

LIFE! what depths of mystery hide
In the oceans of Hate and the rivers of Pride,
That mingle in Tribulation's tide,
To quench the spark, VITALITY!

What *chords* of Love and "bands" of Hope,
Were "made strong" (without the use of rope)
In the Thread—INDIVIDUALITY!

LIFE! what a web of follies and fears,
Pleasures and griefs, sighs, smiles and tears,
Are twined in the woof that Mortality's shears
Must be everlastingly thinning,—
What holes for Physician DEATH to darn,
Are eternally spun in the wonderful yarn
That the Fates are eternally spinning!

LIFE! what marvellous throbs and throes
The alchemy of EXISTENCE knows;
What "weals within wheels" (and woes without *wohs!*)
Give sophistry a handle!
Though Hare* himself could be dipped in the well
Where Truth's proverbial waters dwell;
'Twould throw no more light on the vital spell
Than a dip in the Polytechnic bell,
Or the dip a ha'penny candle!

Alas for the metaphysical host!
The wonderful wit and wisdom they boast,

* C. J. Hare, author of "Guesses at Truth."

When the time arrives they must give up the ghost,
Become quite phantasmagorical,—
And it's found at last that they know as much
Of the secret of LIFE—as they do of Dutch!
Or, if a lame verse may borrow a crutch,
As was known by the Delphic Oracle!

Into being we come, in ones and twos,
To be kiss'd, to be cuff'd, to obey, to abuse,
Each destined to stand in another's shoes
To whose heels we may come the nighest;
This turns at once into Luxury's bed,
Whilst that in a gutter lays his head,
And this—in a box with a wooden lid
And a roof that's none of the highest!

We fall like the drops of April show'rs,
Cradled in mud or cradled in flow'rs,

Now idly to wile the rosy hours,
And now for bread to importune;
Petted, and fêted, and fed upon pap
One prattler comes in for a fortune, slap—
And one—a "more kicks than ha'pence chap"—
For a slap—without the fortune!

* * * *

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Who hasn't heard of the infant squall?
Sharper, shriller, and longer than all
The Nor'-wester squalls, that may chance to befall
At Cape Horn, as nauticals tell us;
And who,—oh who?—hasn't heard before
The dulcet tones of the infant ROAR?
Ear-piercing in at the drawing room door—

Down-bellowing, right thro' the nursery floor—
Like a hundred power bellows!
Alas! that the very rosiest wreath
Should ever be twined with a thorn beneath;
Forth peeping, from purple and damask sheath,
In a manner quite anti-floral;
And startling—as when to that Indian root
The traveller stretches his hand for the fruit,
And a crested head comes glittering out
With a tongue that is somewhat forked no doubt,
And a tail—that has quite a moral!
And who'd have believed that diminutive thing
Just form'd as you'd say, to kiss and to cling,
Would ever have opened, except to sing,
Those lips, that look so choral?

Behold the soft little strugg'ling ball!
With rosy mouth ever ready to squall,
Kicking and crowing and grasping "small,"
At its India-rubber dangle,—
Whilst tiny fists in the pillows lurk
That are destined perhaps for fighting the Turk,

And doing no end of mangling work,
Or perhaps—for working a mangle!

'Tis passing strange, that all over the earth
Men talk of the "stars" that "rule" at their birth!
For little such dazzling sponsors are worth,
Whatever astrologers say.
Tho' all the Bears in the heav'ns combined—
Mars, Mercury, Venus, and Jupiter shined,
In our glitt'ring horoscope, we shall find
Most men who are born of woman kind
Are born in the *milky-way!*

In the milky-way! ev'ry mother's son;
From the son of a lord, to the son "of a gun,"
Of colors, red, brown and yellow and dun,
An astonishing constellation!
From the black Papouse of the Cape de Verd,
The cream of Tartar, and scum of Kurd,
To the son and heir of Napoleon the Third,
Who sucks—to the joy of a Nation!

And that puny atom may happen to claim
The very first place on the Ladder of Fame,
At the general conflagration.

The squeaky voice may be heard ere long
In the shout of the battle, deep and strong,
Like the brazen clash of a mighty gong
That has broken loose from tether;
Whilst many a hardy bosom quails
And many a swarthy visage pales
At the griffin clutch of those tender nails
As they come to the "scratch" together!

Those tender nails! so delicate white,
Which give tender Mamma such tender delight,
That ev'ry half minute she cries in affright,
"Let Mammy kiss 'em – do!"
But Tommy scoffs at these tales on the sly,
And hints with a wink of his dexter eye,
That the "delicate nails" are a delicate lie,
He knows jolly well that they "*screw*"—

For those tender tips of delicate rose
Have claw'd the tender tip of his nose
'Till his nose looks rather blue!

But well says a poet of rising fame,*
To hint at an "infantile frailty's" a shame;
For the baby-days have come round the same
To us all, and we can't but confess 'em;
When the brawny hands, that can rend an oak,
Went both into Mammy's mouth for a joke!—
And the feet that stand like the solid rock,
Were "tootsies pootsies, bless 'em!"

When to howl was the only accomplishment rife
In our "tight little bundle of wailing" and strife,
And pap was the *summum bonum* of life,
To a mouth in perpetual pucker;
When "Ma" was a semi-intelligent lump,

* F. Locker, Author of *London Lyrics.*

Possess'd by a mania for making us "plump,"
And Nurse was an inexhaustible pump
With an everlasting "sucker!"

Yet, laugh as we may at those baby-days,
There was more of bliss in its careless plays,
Than in after time from the careful ways
Of the hollow world, with its empty praise,
Its honey'd speeches and hackney'd phrase,
And its pleasures, for ever fleeting,—
And more of sense in its bald little pate,
On its own little matters of Church and State,
Than in many a House of Commons' debate,
Or the "sense"—of a Manchester meeting!

PART II.

LIFE, life! a year or two more,
And the Bark has launch'd from the quiet shore
To the restless waves that bubble and roar,
Where the billow never slumbers,—
And the storms of fate have caught in the sail,
And the sharks are gathering thick on his trail,
Like a New Edition of Jonah's whale—
That is coming out in Numbers!

PART III.

TEMPUS, time,—*fugit*, flies!
And the ship returns with a gallant prize,
A fairy Craft of diminutive size,
Or perhaps with a huge Three-decker;
He has sailed from the matrimonial shore,
With a 'breeze' at starting, and 'squalls' before,
And he's married a Blue, or he's wed to a Bore,
Or perhaps—to my Lady Pecker!

One bright, brief cruize! and then hey! for the strand
Where many a vessel tall and grand
Lies hard and fast in the clinging sand,
Borne down by its burdens weighty;

And the tide rolls in with a lazy flap,
As if the waters were taking a nap,
Or the weary waves were enjoying, mayhap,
Their "OCEAN *cum dignitate.*"

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